

THE TOURIST DEVELOPMENT COMPANY LIMITED IS TURNING ITS ATTENTION TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND THIS YEAR. GREAT IMPROVEMENTS ARE EXPECTED.

CHARIVARIA.

THE re-opening of the trousers pockets of the Royal Garrison Artillery, 1st Scottish Sub-District, took place last week quietly, and without ceremony of any kind.

It is reported from Natal that BAMBASTA has come to life again. If this be true, it is an act of gross insubordination of which the Government will be forced to take cognisance.

M. DE BEAUREPAS has issued a pamphlet in which he suggests the formation of an "Anglo-Franco-Celto-Gallo-Latino-Slav-Scandinavian League." Although one would never have guessed it from this title, M. DE BEAUREPAS is a distinguished economist.

In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of its opening the reading-room of the British Museum is to be closed for six months.

During a prolonged wrangle between two women litigants in the Kingston

County Court, Judge RUSSELL suddenly exclaimed, "And these are the people who want votes!" The obvious retort was, "Well, Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON have them."

The greatest indignation has been aroused in canine circles by Father VAUGHAN's repeated attacks on pamperers of dogs, and it was resolved at an important meeting of Toys held the other day near Belgrave Square that the reverend Father be bitten at the earliest opportunity.

The Theatrical Managers' Association has issued a letter to the Press requesting that the plots of new plays shall not be divulged before production in the theatre. This desire for secrecy is sometimes carried to absurd lengths. We have known instances where the plot of a musical play has been kept a secret during its entire run.

An exhibition of the works of humorous artists is to be held in Paris at the Palais de Glace. It sounds as if it might be a frost.

One day last week the temperature of London was 10 degrees warmer than that of the Riviera. In spite of this there was no appreciable increase in the demand for villas at Rotherhithe and other South London watering places. Yet the Englishman of fashion claims to be a patriot.

We had hoped that the day of inhumane judges was over in this country, but last week Mr. Justice DARLING was delivering judgment in a case when he suddenly stopped and said, "Will the usher be good enough to wake that gentleman who is sleeping, so that he may listen to my judgment?"

Says the Suffragettes' War Song:—

"From each hill and valley
See the workers rally,
Far and near assembled here
To join their sisters' rally."

Mr. Punch has sometimes been unkind to the Suffragettes, but never so unkind as this.

The Light that Failed.

RUSKIN'S SEVEN LAMPS—Just out, 1s.

THE HOLIDAY TASK.

[To C.-B., reported as about to make for the Riviera.]

THEY tell me you have booked your transit
South to the land of sun-burnt mirth,
Where cosmopolitans at Cannes sit
Soft in the lap of daedal earth;
Where social life is past reforming
And Time was only made to kill;
Where Labour Members cease from storming,
And Suffragettes are still.

There in a tideless inland Ocean
Paddling at large with careless feet,
You will enjoy the calm emotion
Allowed to Greatness in retreat;
Wrapped in a peace no Party voice stirs,
You'll bask beneath a mellowing sun,
Assimilating local oysters,
Nibbling a hot-cross bun.

But not for long you'll seek distraction
In smiling back at azure seas;
A brain like yours that's built for action
Would soon be irked by torpid ease;
A day or so of care's unloosing—
At pleasure's fount a transient gulp—
Then to the problem of reducing
The House of Peers to pulp.

Well, if your neighbours, too light-headed,
Divert your eye from off the goal,
And you are keen on being steadied
By converse with a kindred soul,—
Failing a more congenial crony
To serve the noble end in view,
Drop me a line—I'm at Mentone—
I'll see what I can do.

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE DISCOMFORTER.

I HAPPENED to meet him at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, where I was drinking a cup of tea. The company was mainly of the female variety. We were two lonely masculine drops in an ocean of encompassing womanhood, and thus we were drawn to one another. At any rate he sat down at the table at which I had already secured a seat. There were no special points about him. His dress was unostentatious, and his face had a vacant expression and a stubbly moustache. There are thousands and thousands of men exactly like him to be met with throughout England. He said "Good afternoon" politely, remarked on the crowd, thought the place must be doing good business, ordered his tea. Then he settled down and seemed to be expecting something. Immediately afterwards the cat of the establishment, an agreeable animal of a tabby character, was observed to be advancing towards us. She was carrying something in her mouth.

"By Jove," said my companion in a voice that rang through the room, "I'm jiggered if she hasn't got a mouse!"

No sooner had these awful words left his mouth than all the women in the room rose as if pulled up by one string, and scrambled hurriedly each upon a chair; the waitresses scurried hither and thither like hens escaping from a motor-car; and it was not until the sturdy male guardian of the entrance had descended upon the cat and chased her behind the scenes that something like order was restored. When I looked at my companion I was startled to observe the change that had taken place in his aspect. His eyes were gleaming, his teeth were set—the whole face betrayed the intense excitement under which he was labouring.

"Don't you like cats?" I said.

"Like cats?" he answered, "I should just think I do. Look here," he continued in a lower voice, "I'll tell you a secret. I fixed that up."

"Fixed what up?" said I.

"I managed that little scene," he replied. "I brought the mouse with me and managed to give it to the cat. I knew there'd be some fun, and there was. On the whole I consider it one of the best things I've done. Of course a good deal depends on the mouse. They're funny little beasts, but I generally bring it off all right."

"Have you often tried it?" I ventured.

"Let me see;—three times at Fuller's, six times in the Bond Street tea-shops, four times in Regent Street, and once here—that makes fourteen. The fact is"—he dropped his voice again—"I've taken up the profession of a Discomforter."

"A Dis—"

"Yes, a Discomforter. I go about trying to make people uncomfortable in small ways. No, I don't make any money out of it, but it's lots of fun. For instance, if I see a stoutish man coming along the street towards me in a hurry, I go for him directly, at about the same pace, and when we come face to face the sport begins. As soon as he moves to his right to pass me I move sharply to my left; then of course he starts to his left and I dodge back to my right, and by that time it's quite hopeless. You can keep it up sometimes for a dozen shifts, and, if you're lucky, he'll drop his umbrella or his hat will roll off, and anyhow he'll look as silly as they make 'em. Then there's another very pretty little trick. You go out in an old hat and get on a motor bus, and as soon as you're in a fair crowd of traffic you let your hat blow off. The bus stops, of course, and all the other buses behind you have to stop, and most of the cabs stop, and five or six men start chivying the hat, and by the time you get it back you've disorganised the whole traffic of London. I dare say you've thought it's the man who gets his hat blown off who looks a fool. You're wrong. It's the people who run after it."

"I'll tell you a little thing I've invented myself—you have to get a pal to join in it, because it wants two chaps to make it go off properly. P'raps you'd like to try it with me afterwards. Well, you and your pal go out for a walk and you pick out some steady-going, pompous old buffer, and then you start walking ahead of him, while your pal walks a little way behind. Every now and then you turn round and take a sort of half-recognising look at the old party, and then you shake your head and go on walking. But at last you take a longer look and you begin to smile like winking, and then you turn round and walk towards him with your hand stretched out as if you meant to shake him by the hand. By this time he's dead sure you're one of his old schoolfellows come home from Australia, so he's got his best smile on and his decks cleared for shaking hands with you, and finding out all about you and asking you to stay with him at his home. But, of course, you don't pay the least attention to him. You just sail past him with your hand out and your smile full on, and you shake hands with your pal behind—sort of 'My dear old chap, what a bit of luck to meet you here! How's the missus and the kids?' I tell you, that's the limit. You can't beat it. The old man's purple with passion, but he's got nobody to let it off on."

He told me a lot of other discomforting tricks, and cordially invited me to join him in an expedition. However, I judged it best to leave him to his own devices.

OUR WONDERFUL POLICE.—"Superintendent MARSHALL stated that by means of finger prints he had discovered that she was left an orphan, and had lived with her grandmother."

Daily Dispatch.



THE DARK HORSE.

ARTHUR B. (catching GOS BURELL at his artful tricks). "WELL, OF ALL THE SILLY FAKES! WOULDN'T DECEIVE A CHILD!"

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK



Vicar. "I AM SO GLAD YOUR DEAR DAUGHTER IS BETTER. I WAS GREATLY PLEASED TO SEE HER IN CHURCH THIS MORNING, AND SHORTENED THE SERVICE ON PURPOSE FOR HER."

Mother of dear daughter. "THANK YOU, VICAR. I SHALL HOPE TO BRING HER EVERY SUNDAY NOW!"

THE DAILY DOLDRUM.

(With due apologies.)

Oh, think not platitudes shall pall,
Or triteness bore the Briton's oak-
heart,
So long as Jupiter can squall,
Or Phoebus steer his flaming go-
cart;
Deem not the obvious played out
While morn by morn those prattling
leaders—
On "How it Hailed," "The Sun-God's
rout—"
Enrapture half a million readers.

When streets become a gelid cake,
When frosts are practically joking,
The Daily Doldrum sits awake,
And pens "The Clutches of the Snow-
King;"
When balmy zephyrs swathe the earth,
When Winter's ruder pants are
worsted,
"Behold," we read, "the month of Mirth,
Once more the lilac-blossoms burst.
(Ed.)"

The Doldrum's style ignores restraint.

In June it writes: "The air grows
torrid;

Two Piccadilly sparrows faint;
A Peckham Bank clerk wipes his fore-
head."

Oh, who can say what tea-shop snack—
A glass of milk and penny bun
(Bath)—

Inspired that symphony in black
On "Balham in her little sun-bath."

What need to book returns to Kew
And watch the withering trees grow
russet;

The Doldrum marks that change of
hue;

Its poignant paragraphs discuss it.
Acute reporters snuff the breeze
Around some crescent's garden-cinc-
ture,

And lo! next morn: "The Chelsea trees
Begin to don September's tincture."

Yet think not when the world is dead,
And Flora brags no tinted bloomers,
The Doldrum rakes an idle head,
Or lacks for horticultural humours:

How can a dearth of news suppress
The voice which still contrives to
blether:—

"Old Nature in her neutral dress;
Unwonted weeks of normal weather."

"Of all Sad Words of Tongue or Pen."

"Had the predicted tide been a 3ft. higher
one, the barometer nearly an inch lower, the
wind velocity 10 or 15 miles higher, and,
above all, the direction N.W., a combination
which might really have occurred, the conse-
quences of the late gale to Southport would
probably have been much more serious than
one cares to contemplate even for a moment."

Southport Visitor.

It seems to have been a very near
thing indeed for Southport.

MR. EVAN ROBERTS' "long silence" is
at last explained. According to the
Liverpool Evening Express it is because
he has been "on the verge of paprap-
lpyyyyyyyyyyy."

We are glad to hear that he is quite
well again, but a long silence is the only
dignified way of treating an illness like
that.

THE PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE.

You may believe this or not as you like. Personally I don't know what to think. It happened on the first day of spring (last Thursday—do you remember it? A wonderful day), and on the first of spring all sorts of enchantments may happen.

I was writing my weekly story: one of those things with a He and a She in it. He was REGINALD, a fine figure of a man. She was DOROTHY, rather a dear. I was beginning in a roundabout sort of way with the weather, and the scenery, and the birds, and how REGINALD was thinking of the spring, and how his young fancy was lightly turning to thoughts of love, when suddenly—

At that moment I was called out of the room to speak to the housekeeper about something. In three minutes I was back again; and I had just dipped my pen in the ink, when there came a cough from the direction of the sofa—and there, as cool as you please, were sitting two persons entirely unknown to me...

"I beg your pardon," I said. "The housekeeper never told me. Whom have I the—what did you—"

"Thanks," said the man. "I'm REGINALD."

"Are you really?" I cried. "Jove, I am glad to see you. I was just—just thinking of you. How are you?"

"I'm sick of it," said REGINALD.

"Sick of what?"

"Of being accepted by DOROTHY."

I turned to the girl.

"You don't mean to say—"

"Yes; I'm DOROTHY. I'm sick of it too."

"DOROTHY!" I cried. "By the way, let me introduce you. REGINALD, this is DOROTHY. She's sick of it too."

"Thanks," said REGINALD coldly. "We have met before."

"Surely not. Just let me look a moment... No, I thought not. You don't meet till the next paragraph. If you wouldn't mind taking a seat, I shan't be a moment."

REGINALD stood up.

"Look here," he said. "Do you know who I am?"

"You're just REGINALD," I said; "and there's no need to stand about looking so dignified, because I only thought of you ten minutes ago, and if you're not jolly careful I shall change your name to HAROLD. You're REGINALD (or HAROLD), and you're going to meet

DOROTHY in the next paragraph, and you'll flirt with her mildly for about two columns. And at the end, I expect—no, I am almost sure that you will propose and be accepted."

"Never," said REGINALD angrily.

"That's what we've come about," said DOROTHY.

I rubbed my forehead wearily.

"Would one of you explain?" I asked.

"I can't think what's happened. You're at least a paragraph ahead of me."

REGINALD sat down again and lit a cigarette.

"It's simply this," he said, trying to keep calm. "You may call me what you like, but I am always the same person week after week."



Landlord. "Now, Sir, you're a WEEKLY TENANT. YOU OWE EIGHT WEEKS' RENT. I SHALL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO GO."

Artist. "BAD POLICY THAT. KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS, YOU KNOW!"

"Nonsense. Why, it was RICHARD last week."

"But the same person."

"And GERALD the week before. GERALD, yes; he was rather a good chap."

"Just the same, only the name was different. And who are we? We are you as you imagine yourself to be."

I looked enquiringly at DOROTHY.

"Last week," he went on, "you called me RICHARD. And I proposed to PHYLLIS."

"And I accepted him," said DOROTHY.

"You!" I said, "what were you doing there, I should like to know?"

"Last week I was PHYLLIS."

"The week before," went on REGINALD,

"I was GERALD, and I proposed to MILLICENT."

"I was MILLICENT, and I accepted him."

"The week before that I was—Good Heavens, think of it—I was GEORGE!"

"A beastly name, I agree," I said.

"You gave it me."

"Yes, but I wasn't feeling very well that week."

"I was MABEL," put in DOROTHY, "and I accepted him."

"No, no, no—no, don't say that. I mean, one doesn't accept people called GEORGE."

"You made me."

"Did I? I'm awfully sorry. Yes, I quite see your point."

"The week before," went on REGINALD remorselessly, "I was—"

"Don't go back into February, please! February is such a rotten month with me. Well now, what's your complaint?"

"Just what I said," explained REGINALD. "You think you have a new hero and heroine every week, but you're mistaken. We are always the same; and personally I am tired of proposing week after week to the same girl."

There was just something about REGINALD that I seemed to recognize. Just the very slightest something.

"Then who are you really," I asked, "if you're always the same person?"

"Yourself. Not really yourself, of course, but yourself—as you fondly imagine you are."

I laughed scornfully. "You're nothing of the sort. How ridiculous! The hero of my own stories, indeed! Myself idealised—then I suppose you think you're rather a fine fellow?" I sneered.

"I suppose you think I am."

"No, I don't. I think you are a silly ass. Saying I'm my own hero. I'm nothing

of the sort. And I suppose DOROTHY is me, too?"

"I'm the girl you're in love with," said DOROTHY. "Idealised."

"I'm not in love with anyone," I denied, indignantly.

"Then your ideal girl."

"Ah, you might well be that," I smiled.

I looked at her longingly. She was wonderfully beautiful. I went a little closer to her.

"And we've come," said REGINALD, putting his car in again, "to say that we're sick of getting engaged every week."

I ignored REGINALD altogether.

"Are you really sick of him?" I asked DOROTHY.

"Yes!"

"As sick of him as I am?"

"I—I daresay."

"Then let's cross him out," I said. And I went back to the table and took up my pen. "Say the word," I said to DOROTHY.

"Steady on," began REGINALD uneasily.

"All I meant was——"

"Personally, as you know," I said to DOROTHY, "I think he's a silly ass. And if you think so too——"

"I say, look here, old chap——"

DOROTHY nodded. I dipped the pen in the ink.

"Then out he goes," I said, and I drew a line through him. When I looked up only DOROTHY was there. . . .

"DOROTHY!" I said. "At last!"

"But my name isn't really DOROTHY, you know," she said with a smile. "It's DOROTHY this week, and last week it was PHYLLIS, and the week before——"

"Then what is it really? Tell me! So that I may know my ideal when I see her again."

I got ready to write the name down. I dipped my pen in the ink again, and I drew a line through DOROTHY, and then I looked up questioningly at her, and . . .

Fool, fool! She was gone!

Il faut vivre. You'll see the story in one of the papers this week. You'll recognise it, because he is called HAROLD, and she is called LUCY. At the end of the second column he proposes and she accepts him. LUCY—of all names! It serves them right.

A HUMANISED HOUSE.

It is well known in provincial circles that no visit to London is complete without an inspection of the Zoo and the House of Commons. The humanisation of the House, however, is about to begin. Long enough has the nation, especially that part whose representatives are in the minority in Parliament, cried out for a humane Government, and Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P., Chief Commissioner of Works, has undertaken the civilising work. The fact that it was at a luncheon given in the new Terrace Dining Rooms that he expressed his intention of "humanising the House of Commons," does not necessarily, in our opinion, lessen the value of his utterance.

Mr. HARCOURT having expressed his willingness to accept from Members gifts with the object of beautifying the House, there is a big rush to share in this noble enterprise. Mr. HALDANE is presenting an exquisite miniature of himself, for which he sat fifteen hours consecutively. It is announced that Mr. RAPHAEL (who now sits for South Derbyshire) is presenting a replica of his Ansidei Madonna.



Funny Man. "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT WOULDN'T YOU FIND IT MORE CONVENIENT TO CARRY A WATCH?"

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR is all for the ministry of music, and we have reason to believe that he is willing to play pianoforte selections during dinner on two evenings of the week.

It is strongly felt that the beautifying of the House would be facilitated if certain Members would accept the Chiltern Hundreds. They are to be approached on this matter at a convenient time.

The good influence of books is not being overlooked. A meeting of author-M.P.s is to be held soon in the Queen's Hall (large), when a presentation of books will be discussed. To avoid any charge of egotism, it will be proposed that each author-Member shall present only the works of another Member.

As the debates have the effect of arousing the passions of Members, it is probable that some attempt will be made to do away with them. In the meantime some ladies have offered to bear the expense of removing the grille.

The SPEAKER is presenting the House

with a pair of pale blue stockings, for Black Rod to wear.

Black Rod is presenting a feathered hat for the SPEAKER to wear in place of his wig.

Mr. WILL CROOKS's gift will consist of a light grey frock-coat and vest, with white piqué slip, which he himself will wear. Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON will present the House with a dark blue velvet jacket, and a necktie of pale mauve with broad ends, which he himself will wear.

There is something approaching consternation among the Irish parties, who protest against anything like a compulsory humanisation of the House.

An Upward Movement.

WEST END EXPLOSION
CONSOLES HIGHER
Evening Standard placard.

HAVE ANIMALS AN AFTER-LIFE?—"Stars for the Canaries."—*Music Hall Press.*

SITTING TO A SCULPTOR.

I MUST admit that I was flattered by the request. It was only natural that I should be. To be invited by a distinguished Sculptor (I do not pretend to know much about Art, but from what was said after he had gone I gathered he was *that*) to sit to him for a statue he was doing of Queen ELIZABETH—well, it was a compliment that would have turned *most* dolls' heads!

Perhaps I *did* give myself airs about it afterwards up in the nursery. The other dolls said so, anyhow. But they did not even know who Queen ELIZABETH *was*! I did, having been present while ROSAMUND (whose companion and chief *confidante* I have been for the last few months) had her History lessons in the school-room. So I was able to inform them that ELIZABETH was a beautiful and haughty monarch, who conquered the Reformation in an Armada (or it may have been the other way about); that she was greatly beloved in consequence of having never been married; and that she died of grief because a favourite ring which was given her in Essex had been lost at Nottingham.

I had no idea I was considered so like her, so it was all the more gratifying. But perhaps I had better tell you how the invitation came about. The Sculptor happened to call on ROSAMUND's Mamma one afternoon when I and ROSAMUND were in the drawing-room. ROSAMUND makes all my dresses, and is really quite clever—though I sometimes wish she had rather more style.

I was just going to try on a new frock, so when the Sculptor came in I was lying carelessly on a chair in what you might almost call—well, I wasn't wearing *any* sort of costume just at the moment. It was really rather embarrassing; and I was annoyed with ROSAMUND for leaving me about like that when I was not looking by any means my best.

However, the Sculptor seemed struck by the pose I had unconsciously fallen into. He said it was exactly what he wanted for his statue. I was slightly astonished to hear this—for, if you had asked *me*, I should have said that my attitude was a little too limp, and my toes a thought too much turned in for true elegance. But that is one of the odd things about Art. You *never* know what the people who do it will consider correct and artistic. They seem to have some standard of their own.

So he begged ROSAMUND to lend me to him as a model for a day or two. Between ourselves, ROSAMUND is rather a selfish and short-sighted little person, and she showed it now by her reluctance to let me go.

It *may* not have been annoyance at my having been preferred to herself. I should not like to think *that* of her. She put her refusal on the ground that she could not bear to part with me. It is only charitable to allow that that might have been the *real* reason. She did not seem to see what a lift it would be for her, socially speaking, to have the likeness of a companion of hers cut out in marble as a great Queen, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. Somehow ROSAMUND doesn't seem alive to the importance of getting on. Not that that is any excuse for her trying to stand in *my* way.

If I had been allowed any voice in the matter, I should have consented to sit at once, without any fuss. But of course I was not consulted.—I never *am*! Eventually, thanks to ROSAMUND's Mamma, a sensible woman who saw the situation from my point of view, it was arranged that ROSAMUND should bring me to tea—just as I was—the next afternoon, and leave me for a day or two in the Studio.

I do not altogether care about paying visits unless I am properly dressed to go out—but I supposed the sculptor would have rich robes, such as Queens wear, ready for me to put on when I came.

So I told the other dolls that evening, when they made rude and ill-natured remarks. They are a spiteful cattish

set of creatures—but then, poor dears! their unfortunate plainness excuses *much*.

Well, next day, as I had expected, ROSAMUND made a ridiculous fuss about leaving me. There was a dreadful moment when she almost broke down, and I thought the Sculptor man was going to let her have her own way after all. But I gave her just a look (my head may be only china, but it is of a severe mould, my cheeks have a hard glaze on them, and my blue eyes, if they *are* painted, can look very freezing when I choose to let them), and whether it was that, or the prospect of coming to the Studio again and having more tea and cakes, she agreed to let me remain and be immortalised.

* * * * *

When the sittings began I was dreadfully disappointed. No robes of any kind had been provided for me. Luckily, the Studio was nicely warmed. But the *worst* shock was to find that the Queen was nearly finished already, and I could not see any particular resemblance between us. I was sure I hadn't a high sharp nose and peaky chin like hers, and I began to think the Sculptor couldn't be a very observant person.

As I said before, I don't pretend to know much about Art—but the advantage of having painted eyes is that one can always keep them open. And I very soon discovered that the Sculptor had, I fear intentionally, given me quite a false impression. I was not required to sit for the Queen after all, but merely for a comparatively small figure at the foot of her chair. Now if I had known that before, I am not sure that I should have consented to sit at all. If you can *call* it sitting, that is, for, as *he* arranged me, it was much more like *sprawling*!

Still, I must say he made a very nice portrait of me in that messy sticky stuff of his. I could scarcely have believed I had such a pretty profile, or that delicate little nose and mischievous curve of the lips, and charmingly curly head. He added a tiny pair of wings, which I think was a mistake and not in very correct taste, as I do not try to improve my figure by any artificial support of that kind. But you never can tell with Artists. Perhaps he *saw* me like that. So, on the whole, I was perfectly satisfied, and looked forward to hearing ROSAMUND's remarks when she arrived. She would see that she had never really appreciated me properly.

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When she did come, she seemed only puzzled. ROSAMUND is not what I call a clever child, and much less quick than I am at taking in new ideas. "But that isn't JOSEPHINE!" she cried, as soon as she saw my portrait. (Did I tell you JOSEPHINE is *my* name? It is.) "Why, it isn't the least *bit* like her!"

I heard the Sculptor man explaining to her Mamma (it would, of course, have been absurd to explain to ROSAMUND) that I was a sort of a symbol, intended to show that the Queen had been using Love as a plaything, and had dropped it for the moment. Perhaps he *had* idealised my features to some extent—but I do not at all object to *that*.

Because all the rest was exactly *me*—even to the toes being turned in with the kind of graceful languidness that is so characteristic of me when I am thinking of nothing particular.

Yes, it was my *figure* that he had wanted me to sit for—which, when you come to think of it, is just as high a compliment. I am not sure it isn't even *higher*.

And I *have* been exhibited in the Academy, and immensely admired, and when the other dolls in the nursery heard of it—as I took care they *did*—they were so horribly jealous that they almost burst their seams!

They think, though, that I was done as Queen ELIZABETH, and not as a symbol thing. I didn't consider it necessary to



BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

Sales Young Lady. "SUITS YOU PERFECTLY, MADAM."

Country Mouse (helping his wife to choose a hat). "I DON'T LIKE THAT HAT AT ALL."

Sales Young Lady. "ALL THAT'S NECESSARY, SIR, IS THAT MADAM SHOULD DRESS HER COIFFURE UP TO IT."

tell them that—because they wouldn't have been any the wiser if I had.

I am sure I can trust anyone who reads this not to repeat these confidences (which are *strictly private*) to them.

But you couldn't, even if you wanted to. Because, you see, I carefully haven't told you where our nursery is. And I'm not *going* to, either!

F. A.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN. (NEW STYLE.)

[Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., has joined the Napper Tandy Branch of the United Irish League at Dulwich.]

O PADDY dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round,
The shamrock is by law ordained to grow on English ground.
No more St. George's Day they'll keep, his colour won't be seen,

For there's a universal craze for wearing of the green.

I met with NAPPER TANDY, and he tuk me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"

It's the most astounding spectacle that ever yet was seen,
For MacNAMARA's joined the League and painted Dulwich green.

They say that Mr. BIRRELL has acquired a lovely brogue,
And spends his hours of leisure serenading Card'nal LOGUE,

And ANTONY MACDONNELL swears he'll bust the whole machine,
Unless Ould Erin's crownless harp is heard on College Green.

Oh, if the colour we must wear is Ireland's em'rald green,
And PATRICK CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN must dominate the scene,
We'll tear the thistle from our caps, we'll trample on the leek,
And pitch the blushing rose into the middle of next week.

When laws can change the leopard's spots or purge the Liffey clean,

And when the leaves in summer turn to bright ultramarine,
Then I will change the colour too I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day I mean to stick to wearing of the green.

Physiological Notes.

"The music was entrancing to a fault . . . At one moment the foot was led insensibly to beat out a gipsy measure or to dream dreams of Andalusia, at the next the ear was spellbound . . ."

Modern Society.

Our foot has often gone to sleep, of course, but it has never yet dreamed of Andalusia; at any rate, it hasn't said anything about it to us.

THE COMPLETE BREAKFAST HEN.—"Eggs, guaranteed hot buttered, 1s. 6d. per dozen."—*Lady.*



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON IN THE NORTH.

Candid Friend (to aged competitor in the Farmers' Race, who has been jumped off). "MAN SANDY, YE SHOULD HA' ROSINED YER BREEKS. IF IT DIDNA HELP YE TAE RIDE, IT MIGHT MAK YE STICK TAE THE KIRK ON THE SAWBATH!"

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

II.—REPOSE.

THE white cloud drifts, the vessel lifts
Before the long Atlantic swell;
A grey gull swings on lonely wings,
The ocean's watchful sentinel.
The practised fowl, as I infer,
Opines that garbage will occur.
Nor sail nor smoke for days has broke
The vast oblivion of the deep;
No novel sight has marred the flight
Of moments consecrate to sleep.
Through timeless void, unchanging
wheels
The cycle of recurring meals.
Born of a sense of the immense,
And nourished on ozone and food,
As in a glass obscurely pass
Visions of things we once pursued;
Flitting—a troupe of shadowy schemes—
Through the dim-lighted land of dreams.
Visions of jaunts in favourite haunts,
Entered long since in Memory's log;
Of women woo'd whose sires were rude
And strove to embroil us with the dog.
Each one re-seeking our address,
Like contributions to the Press.

Dreams of a time when Hope sublime
Contemned the thought of business
cares;
Ere unpaid bills and kindred ills
Had seized us by the little hairs.
Dreams in a word divinely blent
Of youth and physical content.
O halcyon days, when in the rays
Of summer suns we sit immersed,
While from behind a gentle wind
Tempers a not displeasing thirst,
When only those below (unwell)
Fail to observe the ocean's spell.
Alas! that ye must fly; and we,
Now borne aloof from toil and town,
Getting, to raise a Western phrase,
The obvious bulge on JONES and BROWN,
Must soon return beneath the yoke,
Or end unutterably broke!
Yet so it goes; too soon our nose
Must feel the grindstone's tyrant
strain;
Soon at a loss for ready dross
We must take up the load again,
Exploiting in laborious rôles
The sacred fire of festive souls.
Well, let it be; meanwhile the sea
Inspires me with a sense of ease;

These Bolivars are good cigars:
"Steward, a Scotch-and-soda, please."
Here's to to-day! come rain or shine
The rest is Fate's affair, not mine!

ALGOL.

SHOCKS FOR THE MILLION.

[A service of earthquake news has been established by *The Daily Mail*.]

Buy the Geyser (yellow) edition of *The Shocker*. Complete details of submarine convulsions. Full lists of continents submerged, with maps. Tidal waves. All the latest islands up to 6.30 P.M.

The Shocker will be published every Saturday night. Readers may rely on ample notice of the end of the world. (Fire insurance advertisements will be found on page 6.) Comets. Messages from Mars hourly. Our "Wanted and Missing" column will give authoritative information on solar systems annihilated during the day. Lunch sun-spots, complete with live-wire stop-press, 3d.

Read our World-Catastrophes (purple) edition.

Bright symposium on the question, "Is the Earth bursting?"

Those with friends abroad should take in the over-seas edition of *The Shocker*.



C.-B. "MEANS BUSINESS."

THE PRIME MINISTER (MR. SNODGRASS) PREPARES TO RESCUE LIBERAL LEGISLATION (MR. PICKWICK) FROM THE CLUTCHES OF LORD LANSDOWNE (MR. GRUMMER).

"Whereupon Mr. Snodgrass, in order that he might take no one unawares, announced in a very loud tone that he was going to begin, and proceeded to take off his coat with the utmost deliberation."—*Pickwick Papers*, Chap. xxiv.

"As to the report that we do not mean business about the House of Lords, there is not an atom of foundation for it."

C.-B.'s message to the Electors of Hazham.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.

—If you want your flesh to be made to creep, MACKARNESS is your man. Doesn't look like it; neither did the Fat Boy. Yet on historic occasion his intervention was surpassingly effective.

MACKARNESS's effort varied dulness of doleful sitting. Second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill moved. On such occasion Members permitted to wander through the wide world citing cases, urging instances, with intent to show how much better they could have arranged foreign and colonial matters had Providence been pleased to call them to the government of the Department concerned. Of course there came under review Colonial Office, which UNDER-SECRETARY claims to be, so far as Parliamentary debate is concerned, "an exceedingly fashionable Department."

MACKARNESS been ambling along for some time when his scanty audience was roused from state of semi-sleep by hearing him declare, *à propos* of discipline dealt out to Chinese in South Africa: "I have often said the late COLONIAL SECRETARY was extremely badly treated by Lord MILNER and his supporters when this flogging was taking place behind his back."

All eyes turned upon LYTTELTON, lonely on Front Opposition Bench. In the last Parliament there was much talk of alleged flogging of the heathen Chinese.



"This flogging was taking place behind Mr. Lyttelton's back."
(Mr. Mackarness.)



Elgin and Churchill (together). "FASHIONS FORWARD!"

"They at the Colonial Office could congratulate themselves on being an exceedingly fashionable Department (laughter)."—Mr. Weston Churchill.

LYTTELTON vicariously suffered. But that he himself had been flogged "behind his back" was an assertion as painful as it was precise. Yet here it was categorically made by the son of a Bishop, a relationship compared with which, as a mark of respectability, driving your own gig is nothing.

Members, now thoroughly awake, awaited explanation. MACKARNESS could not have withheld it. Unfortunately at this juncture SPEAKER interfered. Said he really couldn't see what all this had to do with the Bill before the House. MACKARNESS, warned off, turned to another branch of the forest-like subject, leaving House in state of pained perplexity.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night.—Long time since a speech in House of Commons created such sensation as that which BONAR LAW didn't make this afternoon. LLOYD-GEORGE brought in Patents Bill under Ten Minutes' Rule. It is called the Ten Minutes' Rule because the Standing Order establishing it says nothing about ten minutes. Sole direction is that a Minister in charge of a Bill shall make brief explanation of its provisions, and that debate be limited to equally short speech from one Member opposing it.

PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE explained that measure was introduced in interests of the poor inventor oppressed by operation of privileges conceded to foreigners. Opposition instantly spied the beard of Protection under Free Trade Minister's muffler. Ironically cheered his admission of consequences following on permission to foreigner to roam at large through the pastures of the British inventor.

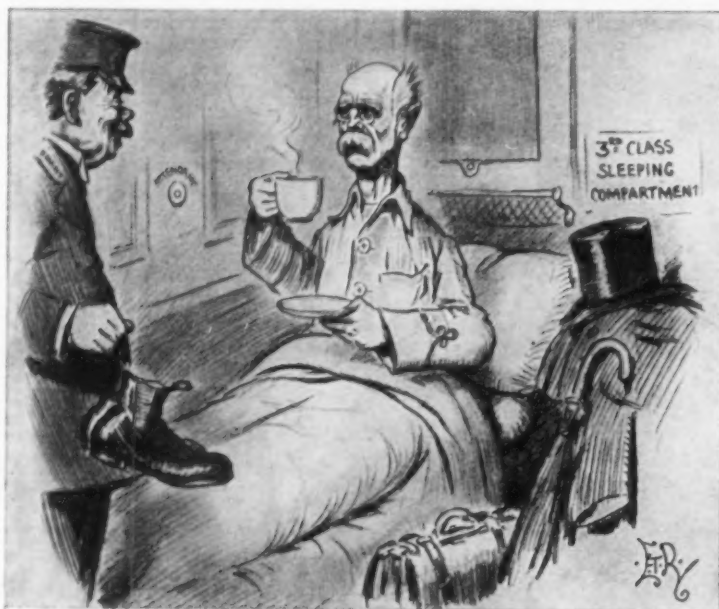
BONAR LAW quick to see and seize opportunity. As soon as LLOYD-GEORGE sat down he was up from Bench on other side of Table. Crowded audience drew itself together in expectation of rattling speech. But Members have to get up very early in the morning if they hope to catch the SPEAKER napping.

"Does the hon. Member rise to oppose the Bill?" he queried.

"No, Sir," said BONAR LAW, hanging his head to hide a blush.

"Then he is not permitted to speak under this Rule. The Question is that the Bill be now read a first time." And read a first time it was.

The most eloquent speech I ever heard was that which our dear JOHN TENNIEL did not deliver on the occasion of the Farewell Dinner given to him, when he, so to speak, laid down the



Attendant. "Well, Sir, 'ow did you sleep?"

Alph-a Cl-ph-a M-rt-n. "Oh, I had a first-class night, thank you."

Attendant. "Did yer? Then you'll 'ave to pay the difference!"

(Mr. Alph-a Cl-ph-a M-rt-n wishes to have third-class sleeping cars to Scotland.)

shovel and the hoe. There were gathered to do him honour the flower of the aristocracy of British intellect. PRINCE ARTHUR, then Prime Minister, proposed his health in charming speech. J. T. rose to reply, and after a minute of mute struggling with memories of excellent sentences framed in his studio, sat down amid tumultuous applause.

Next to that memorable triumph comes BONAR LAW's achievement. Of debaters on Front Opposition Bench he stands second. Only one exceeds him in forceful argument and lucid speech. He knows the question of Protection in all its bearings. Here was opportunity of effectively twitting a Free Trade Government, showing how, to serve their private ends, they are ready to take refuge in Protection. And here was the SPEAKER with the ban of silence.

Alas for him who never sings,

But dies with all his music in him.

Business done.—Patents Bill and Scottish Land Bill introduced.

Thursday night.—Channel Tunnel Bill has prominent place in list of private measures awaiting second reading. Comes up in ordinary manner at opening of sitting. According to Standing Order, if no objection be taken a private Bill may forthwith pass this stage. A solitary objection bars progress, remitting it to an evening sitting. Whenever Clerk at Table, reciting measures awaiting second reading, comes upon Channel Tunnel Bill, there breaks

forth in chorus a cry of "Object! Object!" This afternoon C.-B. settled the matter by announcement that Government will oppose Bill.

"To find Channel Tunnel Bill again on Orders reminds one of old times," says the MEMBER FOR SARK. "A quarter of a century ago sturdy EDWARD WATKIN had it in charge. If anyone could have shoved it through, he was the man to do it. Scored conspicuous initial success in winning Mr. G. over to his side. That, as BILLY DYKE said with other application, 'was going to the top of the tree and catching a very big fish.' Mr. G. was Premier at the time, captain of a host that (nominally) made him arbiter of everything in the Commons save the case of Mr. BRADLAUGH. Of course he didn't support the Bill in his Ministerial capacity. Exercising privilege of Private Member, he made persuasive speeches in favour of project and went into Division Lobby in its support.

"Possibly—who knows?—that circumstance may have added zest to Don José's opposition. However it be, he scotched the thing. EDWARD WATKIN not the sort of man to be content with talking about a scheme he had at heart. Whilst his Bill was being discussed at Westminster he was working at Dover. Had actually burrowed some distance under sea on his way to the continent when Don José interposed. Appointed departmental Committee to inquire into

the business. Meanwhile peremptorily stopped progress of Channel works.

"EDWARD WATKIN, his personal friends will remember, was not accustomed to use mincing phrases when his path was crossed. What he said about the President of the Board of Trade may not be here repeated. Leaving out adjectives and some nouns, I may tell you of a little plan, particulars of which he communicated to me. In the event of the Tunnel Works being permanently stopped, he would build on the site of the British end a pillar of stone lofty enough to be seen by ships that pass in the day. He gloated over the circumstance that in fine weather France also might look on. On its front he would have engraved in bold letters an inscription recording how the works had been visited by the Heir Apparent to the Throne, the PRIME MINISTER, the SPEAKER of the House of Commons, Peers and Commons galore, and how, when the great enterprise was fairly started, the beneficent work was 'stopped by JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN of Birmingham.' The scorn WATKIN managed to convey in intonation of Don José's postal address is incommunicable.

"He would have been as good as his word but for the circumstance that shortly afterwards Mr. G. brought in his Home Rule Bill, in opposition to which WATKIN found himself in unison with Don José. Patriotic fervour obliterated memory of private wrong. And here is the Channel Tunnel to the fore again 'under entirely new management,' as they say when a commercial business changes hands. But where are the snows (and the men) of yesteryear?"

Business done.—House sat through day and night for 27 hours save 15 minutes.



The Mandarin Tee-See-Tael-Ah no likee Opium—makee velly sick.

(Mr. T. C. T-yl-r.)

OUT AND OUTER.

By FRANK WHISKERSON.

*(With apologies to Monday night's
"Pail Mail Gazette.")*

THE worst thing about the THAW trial is the effect it will have on the reputation of one of our leading humorists.

I mean Mr. JEROME that was.

For years and years the only Mr. JEROME has been this one—the author of *Three Women without a Vote*, and other bright and brainy works.

I was, indeed, once so much impressed by the success of Mr. JEROME K. JEROME and his "Home-Sweet-Home" kind of name, that I thought of calling myself WHISKERSON F. WHISKERSON to see how the public would like it.

But I did not

And now, since the trial of that bright boy THAW H. THAW, when anyone says Mr. JEROME it means the American lawyer.

Which is bad hearing

If the Suffragettes go on like this the name of JOHN BULL is to be changed to JANE COW.

The secret of running a humorous column with regularity is to keep on having the same bright ideas.

All that one has to do is to remember that the British reader likes to have jokes repeated, and then one can wade in with perfect security.

If you want to annoy the famous author GEORGE STREET you should address him as

GEO. ST., Esq.

I have used this bright joke three times in print already, and it always comes off.

Which is good hearing—for paragraphists; whatever it may be for the reader.

I have been spending a lot of time lately in the National Portrait Gallery, studying the face fittings of the illustrious dead.

It was a sad task.

The trouble with old man SHAKESPEARE was that he had nothing on his head and everything on his chin. Old man MATTHEW ARNOLD's mutton-chop RICHARDSONS gave me influenza.

But this is a painful topic. Let us think about razors and be bright again.

Some people are impossible to offend. Although I do my best.

The other day I wrote a bright paragraph about old man ASHTON, the specialist in deadists, saying that what we wanted to know was not when ALGY was born, but where he would be buried, and when.



Cook. "NOW WE'VE 'AD WORDS, YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR ANOTHER COOK TO KEEP COMPANY WITH?"
Policeman. "NOT ME. I'LL STARVE FIRST!"

That, you would think, was offensive enough for anyone.

But old man ASHTON is imperturb. as those bright youths PHIL RAY and Cap. GRA would say, and this is what he wrote in reply:—

"Mr. WHISKERSON, then, does not seem to be aware that I have already stated that my ultimate resting-place will most probably be in Kensal Green Cemetery (unless they care to bury me in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's). As to when my end will come, I am, of course, unable to say, but it may possibly be later than sooner, as I am blessed with a pretty tough constitution, and have not had occasion to spend a day in bed through illness for just twenty-nine years."

That letter almost made me blush.
Not quite, of course.

This on the hoardings:

SUCHARD CHOCOLATE.

But it's really quite soft, as old man SIMS, King of the Punsters and Emperor of Moss-persuaders, would say.

You will have all these bright paragraphs again some day. Which is, &c.

F. W.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR said the other day that Home Rule was as "sure as the rising of the sun." We think it only fair to point out to Mr. REDMOND that the sun doesn't really rise—it's only the earth that turns round, and we trust there is to be no alteration in this arrangement.

THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA.

BOUNDLESS MUNIFICENCE.

HI FALU TIN'S GREAT SCHEME.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PEKING, Monday.

THE *Gazette* of this city publishes prominently a report of a philanthropic gift of unprecedented magnitude which is to be made by the Chinese capitalist HI FALU TIN in the interests of the spread of morality. This famous plutocrat, who lives in a modest manner in a suburb of Peking, amassed his huge fortune—the income from which was recently officially placed at six millions—by establishing, with shrewd commercial sagacity, a number of valuable monopolies, chiefly—as with all philanthropists who mean first to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice—connected with commodities of daily life, necessary, above all, to the poor.

His struggles to obtain wealth, are, however, behind him. The point now is that with gigantic imagination, and the courage that belongs alone to the visionary, HI FALU TIN has set apart a sum equal to ten millions sterling to be applied to the spiritual regeneration of America. In HI FALU TIN'S own words, the grant is offered for the establishment of non-sectarian schools in America which shall "lift the Americans to the plane of the Chinese people, as a preliminary effort to convert America throughout." The eyes of the civilized world will naturally be on so interesting an experiment, and all who have been reading the papers of late must wish HI FALU TIN every success in a project of which the DOWAGER EMPRESS is said to approve.

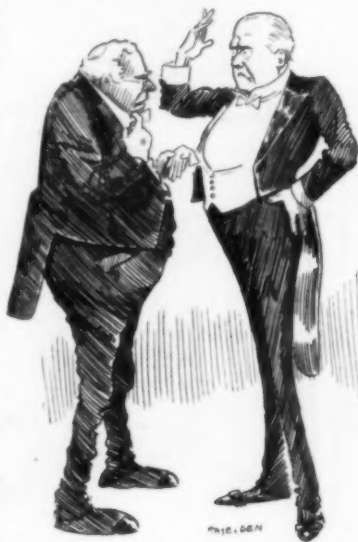
TWO ONE-MAN SHOWS.

It says little for the taste of twenty years ago that *The Red Lamp* should have then had a certain measure of success. It must always have been stupid and obscure and transpontine, and now it is also antiquated. Something might have been made of the Third Act, but I, for one, took so little interest in the conspirators that I did not care two pence whether they were blown to bits or not. It was impossible to feel any concern about the fate of the throaty hero, *Prince Alexis Valerian*. Mr. BASIL GILL should never be allowed to play in ordinary clothes with a voice like that. Mr. TREE had the good luck to secure the only part worth playing, that of *Paul Demetrius* of the Secret Service—the kind of "character-part" in which he excels. Fortunately he was nearly always on the stage. For the rest Miss KATE CUTLER as *Felise*

made the most delightful eyes up in the corners.

It is hard to understand why Mr. TREE revived this thing. I think it must have been because there was a *Great Conspiracy* at another theatre, and dramatic themes are always so infectious.

In *The Van Dyck*, a farcical "episode" adapted by Mr. COSMO GORDON LENNOX, who reads French, Mr. TREE was even luckier still, and had practically all the talking there was. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH fully appreciated the meaning of "listener's lure," and was an admirable recipient of the most protracted confidences. I don't know how well he would have played if the two parts had been exchanged; but Mr. TREE could



Mr. TREE (as Arthur Blair-Woldingham) to Mr. TREE (as Paul Demetrius). "Well, I may be a pretty good Actor, but you're a superb Manager. We're the only ones that have had a chance all the evening."

never have endured with any comfort the self-repression of Mr. GROSSMITH'S. As it was, he was really admirable; but it seemed, on the first night, that the fun would be likely to drag a little when the secret once became public property. I am told that it is against the rules to keep the audience out of the secret (I am not, of course, referring to Mr. ALEXANDER'S grievance); but one is always pleased to see any of these stuffy conventions ignored, and, in this case, the breach of rule went far to make the success of the play.

The "episode" is open to two criticisms—one very obvious. The burglars might just as well have walked straight in at the start and saved all the dialogue. But the same kind of thing might easily be said of most plays. How, indeed, would the Drama contrive to support existence if no misunderstandings were

thrown like artificial bunkers across the natural course of true love or poetic justice? A worse fault was the name of the play. It assigned too much importance to a trivial point, and, by the expectation it excited, only emphasised the thinness of the final tableau. Like the picture itself, it did not come off, but was left hanging. O. S.

OUR TITLED INVENTORS.

In the "Social and Personal" column of *The Daily Chronicle* of last Wednesday an interesting account is given of the epoch-making invention of Lord DE ROS, which was on sale at the Irish Industries Sale. This ingenious nobleman, who is a clever carpenter, has devised an instrument known as wasp scissors, made like broad wooden pincers, which are intended to annihilate a wasp as he meanders on the window-pane. Inquiries conducted by a trusted representative reveal the interesting fact that this inventive talent is not confined to Lord DE ROS, but is shared by many other denizens of the Upper Chamber.

Lord PORTSMOUTH, who devotes his hard-earned leisure to mechanics, has invented a singularly complete and effective machine for killing flies, gnats, and mosquitoes when at rest on the ceiling. Many persons must have often realised the need of such a device in lofty rooms, where the insects in question are out of the reach of anyone but a Russian giant. To meet this crying need Lord PORTSMOUTH has devised an apparatus resembling the instrument used by paviors, which is placed in an inverted position on the top of a ladder and worked by a small gas-engine. A net is slung below to receive the operator if, as sometimes happens in the heat of the chase, he should lose his balance and fall from the ladder. The Portsmouth Fly-Walloper also includes a complete whitewashing outfit to obliterate the stains caused by the annihilation of the insects. The apparatus is portable, and is so ingeniously constructed that it will fit into a good-sized coach-house. Care must be taken, however, not to apply unnecessary force, or the head of the Fly-Walloper may be driven through the ceiling. A special repairing outfit, including laths, ferro-concrete blocks, and cork-lino tabloids, is provided to meet this emergency.

Few experiences are more distressing to a person of refined tastes than that of groping on the floor in pursuit of a missing shirt-stud. To cope with this distressing contingency Lord TANKERVILLE has devised a combination of a searchlight with a powerful magnet by which missing jewellery can be detected and picked up without stooping. In the case of persons addicted to rheumatism



TWO OF THEM!

Rustic. "WELL, MISS, I BE FAIR MAZED WI' THE WAYS O' THAT 'ERE FISHERMAN—THAT I BE!"

Parson's Daughter. "WHY IS THAT, CARVER?"

Rustic. "THE OWD FOOL HAS BEEN SITTIN' THERE FUR THE LAST SIX HOURS AND HARN'T CAUGHT NOTHIN'."

Parson's Daughter. "HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?"

Rustic. "I'VE BEEN A-WATCHIN' O' HE THE WHOLE TIME!"

or lumbago the relief afforded by the Tankerville Stud-picker is quite incalculable, and it is an open secret that the Royal Society intend to bestow the Copley Medal on the inventor for his humane and beneficent discovery.

The Earl of ROSSLYN, who has long been known as a singularly versatile and accomplished nobleman, has recently taken out a patent for his cerebral shoe-horn. This ingenious apparatus is devised to enable persons suffering from cranial distension to put on their hats without injury to their headwear. The cerebral shoe-horn is sold in different sizes and at varying prices. The "HALL CAINE" model, with long tortoiseshell silver-mounted handle, is a really elegant adjunct to the equipment of a dressing-room, and costs six guineas, but some of the cheaper patterns can be had for as little as £1 11s. 6d.

Nothing causes greater distress in a well-ordered household than the explosive overflow of an ill-regulated syphon. To guard against such disasters Lord LYTON, long known as an earnest student of hydrodynamics, has put on the market an entirely original syphon splash-guard of his own invention. The apparatus consists of three parts: (1) a celluloid funnel which is attached to the nozzle of the syphon; (2) a suit of waterproof overalls which are worn by the operator; (3) a small waterproof bell-tent which completely covers the table on which the syphon stands.

The Weekly Dispatch on the "Giant Comack":

"M. KUDINOFF, who is nearly 6ft. high, is one of the most magnificent specimens of manhood I have ever seen. His measurements are:—Chest, 44½ inches; Waist, 44 inches; Length of arm, 34 inches; Length of leg, 33 inches."

HEROES v. SHEROES.

[The following letters have been unavoidably crowded out from a discussion proceeding in a contemporary.]

"AN OLD TRAVELLER" writes:—"You ask who is the braver, Man or Woman. I answer, Woman. Only last week I saw a small, fragile woman calmly give a cabman his legal fare. For a moment the simple heroism of the action took away my breath..."

"ONE OF EVE'S DAUGHTERS" writes:—"Man is undoubtedly the braver. I once knew one who would go out wearing the same suit that he had worn a year before."

"A MERE MAN" writes:—"Only one answer is possible—Woman. No man would voluntarily stay in a house during spring cleaning."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Country House (HEINEMANN) I should describe as a "priceless fragment" by JOHN GALSWORTHY, using "priceless" in its journalistic sense. A fragment, though, it truly is—a piece of a story cut out from life. I can imagine Mr. GALSWORTHY addressing his readers in this way: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have tried to give you some idea as to how these *Pendyce* people habitually think and talk and act. I have analysed minutely the brains and—where they are present—the souls of these men and women, and I have ventured more particularly to draw your attention to three persons in the group—namely, Mr. *Horace Pendyce*, his wife, and *The Reverend Hussell Barter*. In order, however, to make their characters still more clear to you, I shall take an imaginary case. I shall suppose (if you will allow me) that the *Pendyces'* eldest son *George* has fallen in love with the beautiful wife of a reprobate neighbour . . . So? Very well, then. Let us now observe what takes place." Perhaps this is why I cannot take much interest in *George*, and fail altogether to realise the beautiful wife. But Mr. and Mrs. *Pendyce* and Mr. *Barter* are three amazingly drawn people, who live in every line of the book. If there are any competitions going on for the "finest novel of the year," the "best-drawn character in modern fiction," the "biggest dear in fiction," or "the coming novelist"—my votes unhesitatingly go to *The Country House*, Mr. *Barter*, Mrs. *Pendyce*, and Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. *Dixi.*

"Never before in the modern history of Ireland has the outlook, political, industrial and social, been as favourable as at the present moment for a strenuous effort for her regeneration." Thus Lord DUNRAVEN on the situation. By way of contributing to its settlement he presents, in *The Outlook for Ireland* (MURRAY), some thoughtful papers founded on personal study of a question that for more than a hundred years has baffled statesmen and sometimes wrecked Ministries. In a succession of chapters he retells the sordid story of early trade relations between England and conquered Ireland; describes the difficulties that environ the working of the Land Purchase Act; catalogues Ireland's financial burdens; sets forth her needs, and finds remedy for all her ills in the spirit of conciliation and the actuality of devolution. Dealing with Castle government, which it is understood the forthcoming Ministerial Bill will supersede, he declares that head for head it costs more than the administration of any civilized community in the world. Under it there is no security against absolute waste and misapplication of money, or the extravagance that arises from money not being spent in the best direction or the wisest way. The book makes opportune

appearance, and is worth the attention of all concerned in the old familiar problem.

The Cruise of the Make-Believes (HUTCHINSON) is one of the books which justify the existence of the reviewer. It falls a long way below the level of Mr. TOM GALLON's previous work, and it may help him to be told so, as gently as candour will permit. It is just conceivable that a rich young bachelor might be idiotic enough, out of pity for a poverty-stricken girl, to allow her seedy and dissipated relatives to spend his money and live in his house, so as to give her a holiday. But it is ridiculous to suppose that when he is trying to run away with his protégée the seedy relatives and several male friends of his own could all get on board his yacht and stay there for two or three days unbeknownst to him and to each other. And, as if that were not sufficiently silly, Mr. GALLON, having wrecked the yacht and crowded his *dramatis personæ* into a single boat without one of the crew, proceeds to land them on what they believe to be a desert island in unknown seas, and leaves them there for days and days before they discover that it is really a peninsula on the coast of Ireland! No, Mr. GALLON, it won't do. You must make-believe better than this if you want to make us believe it.

I am not partial to the idea that the mediocre soul inhabiting my plain middle-aged body will at my death flit to some other human tenement. The new lodgings might well be more beautiful than the present, and the lodger would doubtless adapt itself to its fresh environment and become correspondingly beautiful and superior. But would it be Me? It might even be a woman, and then I should lose my vote and have to fight with beasts at Westminster. And anyhow a next world peopled by composite photographs does not appeal to me. So that I am not a fit and proper person to appreciate the virtues discovered by other critics in *The Sundered Streams* (ARNOLD), a story based on a belief in the transmigration theory. The "Streams" were the souls of *Kingston Darnley*, landowner, and *Isabel Darrell*, his wife's cousin. Sundered through all the previous ages, they met in the flesh in these materialistic days, only to be sundered once more when *Isabel* suffered death by burning. And even when *Ivor Restormel* sprang from her ashes, although *Darnley* knew that he was *Isabel*, the *Isabel* in *Ivor* refused to recognise him as her former lover. There's tragedy for you! Some good writing I find in Mr. R. FARRER's book, but for me it is spoilt by my inability to accept the main thesis.

FROM some verses in *The Sportsman* :—

"The saddling bell's run, and the canter is o'er."

The "g" seems to have got left at the post. We hope nobody had anything on it.



Cohen. "DERE—NOW DEY WAS PROPERLY BRACED UP, DOSE PANTS FITS YOU LIKE A GLOVE!"

Cockney Youth. "YUS, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THEY ARE RATHER TIGHT UNDER THE ARMS?"